

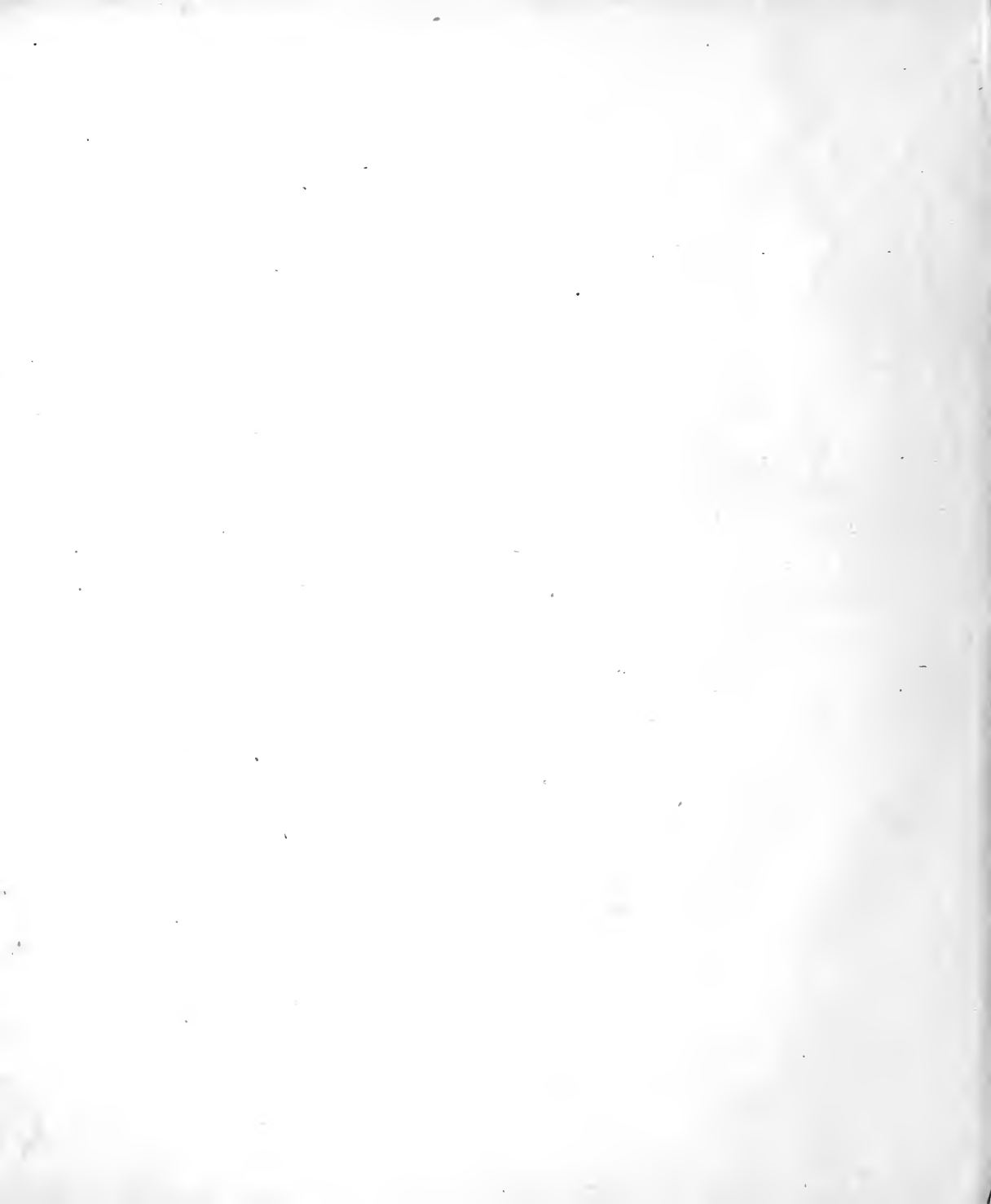


“LEST WE FORGET”



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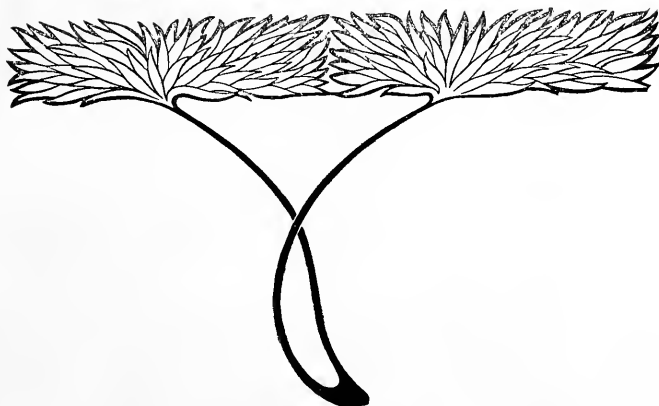
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"LEST WE FORGET"



PUBLISHED BY THE

FRATERNITIES

OF THE

SOUTHWESTERN BAPTIST UNIVERSITY

JACKSON, TENNESSEE

⌘ LEST WE FORGET. ⌘

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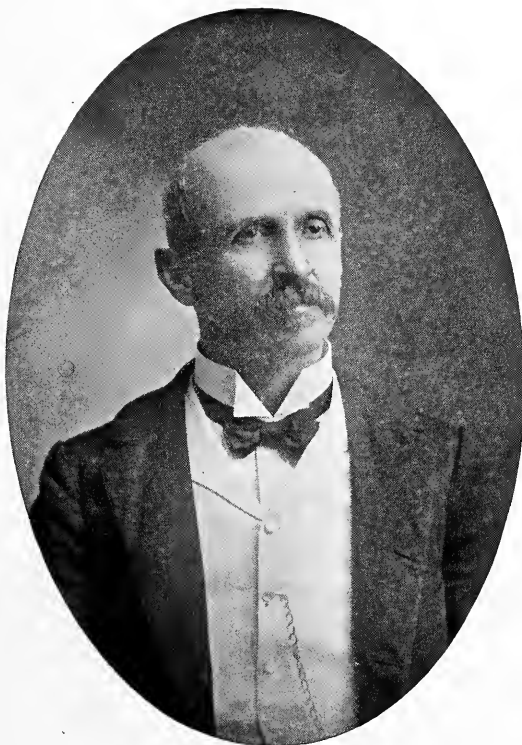
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VOLUME I. 1904.



Dedicated to our President
Dr. George Martin Savage
For whose untiring efforts in behalf
of our beloved University we
are deeply grateful.



GEORGE MARTIN SAVAGE, A. M., LL.D.

Toast.

Here's a health to Alma Mater;
May her strength and fame increase,
May no other school be greater
In time of war or peace.
All homage I bring,
Her praises I sing
And drink to Alma Mater.

May her sons be e'er victorious,
Her daughters ever true,
May her name be ever glorious,
And ring the ages through.
Fill up the glass,
Let the toast pass,
And drink to Alma Mater.

—DRU HELEN CROOK.

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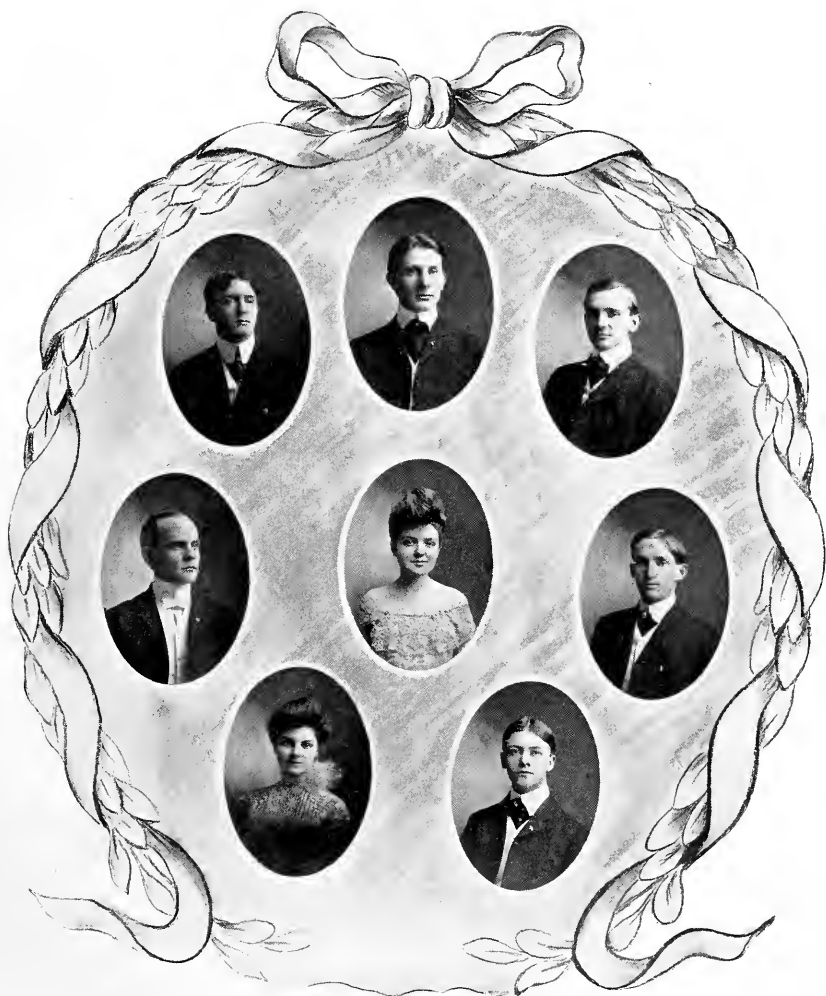
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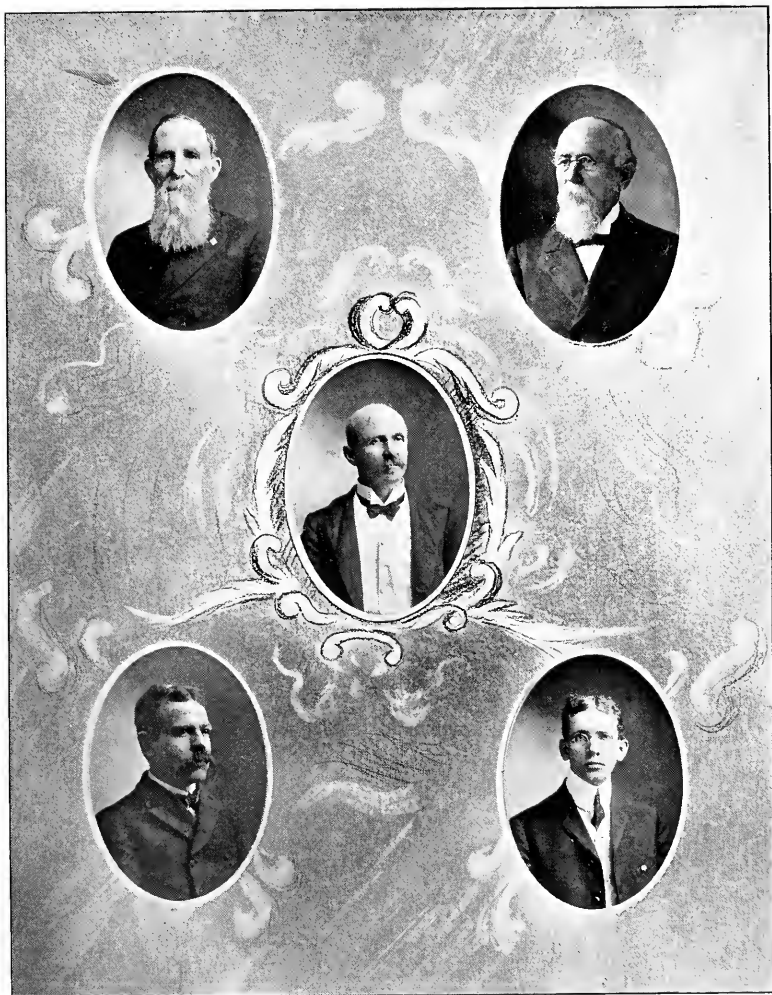
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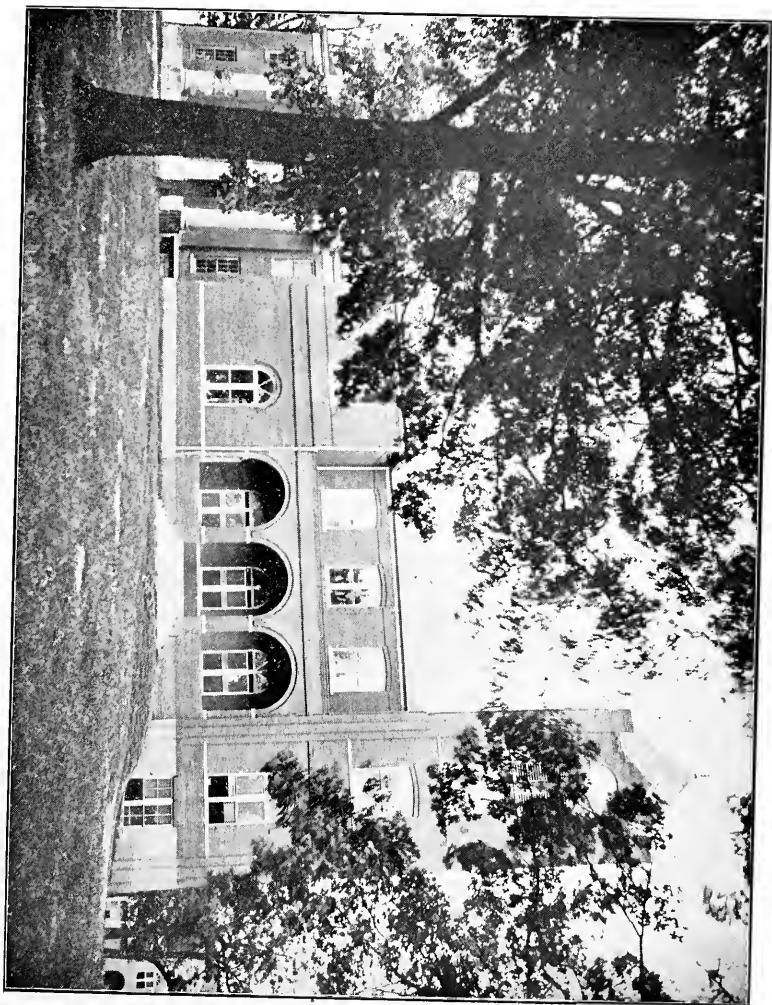
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<i>The Art of Terrifying</i>	ALFRED M. WILSON
<i>The Odes of a Nightingale</i>	HERBERT HUTCHINSON



Senior Class.

Yell.

Rickety-rack, rickety-roe!
Seniors, Seniors, 1904!
We've studied long,
We'll cram no more
We've won our laurels by the score,
They ne'er have seen our like before,
For we're the class of 1904!

Colors.

Blue and White.

Motto.

Ne quid nemis.

Flower.

White Rose.

The Seniors.

DELIA ETTA BEVILLE Tennessee

"None but herself can be her parallel."

She is one of our two town girls. She is the most conscientious one of us all about her work, and—a miracle, but true—she manages to do all the parallel reading that is assigned. She takes life seriously to a certain extent. She entered S. W. B. U. in '01, and is our Class Prophet; also a Palladian; contestant for Palladian medal '03; representative of Palladian Society, Washington Birthday entertainment '04; President Palladian Society one term '04; A. B. degree.



DRU HELEN CROOK Tennessee

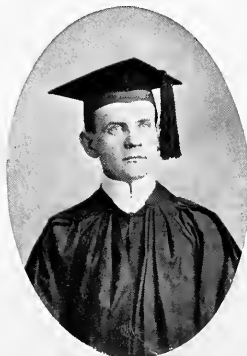
"A head
So full of grace and beauty!
Would that mine were half so gracious."

This young lady was born sometime since the year 1, but she isn't old yet by any means. The records have been misplaced and she doesn't know the exact date. She entered the University in 1900 and has been a very important factor in class politics. She is a Palladian; a member of Y. W. C. A.; Chi Omega; Secretary of the Senior Class; Art Editor of LEST WE FORGET; A. B. degree.

MONROE ELMON DODD Tennessee

"His hopes and friends are numberless."

Is unable to tell when or where he was born; therefore, we can do no better. He entered here in 1900, and has been a social favorite ever since. He is a member of Alpha Tau Omega fraternity; a Callopean; orator of Senior Class; University representative in State oratorical contest '04; member Glee Club; C. L. S. best debater's medal '03; J. R. G. award '03; diamond medal in School of Oratory '03; literary editor of LEST WE FORGET; President C. L. S. '04; A. B. degree.





PERCY LAFAYETTE ECHOLS . . . Arkansas

"Oh, let me close my eyes and dream
Sweet, fanciful, vagrant dreams."

Percy first began to make trouble at Alma, Arkansas, in the year 1885. Later, his papa took him to Ft. Smith, from which place he took the slow train through Arkansas and arrived here in 1900. He has been a very enthusiastic student of athletics, and has won for himself quite a reputation. Kappa Sigma; Apollonian; captain basket ball team '02; full back of football team '03; member Varsity nine '03; member and manager of baseball team '04; member basket ball team '04; President of A. L. S. '03; member Tennis and Glee Clubs '04; athletic editor *Eatonian* '04; Treasurer

Senior Class; salutatorian A. L. S. annual entertainment '04; A. B. degree.

BESS BLAND EDWARDS Mississippi

"I will know if there be any faith in man."

She came into Mississippi to adorn this mundane sphere some years ago, but when, she won't tell. Her career here has been free from any exciting events, for she studies hard, jollies her friends, and by means of her industrious air works the Profs. She entered in '02; Palladian; Chi Omega; President Y. W. C. A.; Editor Local Department of *Eatonian* '04; Vice-President Senior Class; Editor-in-chief of "LEST WE FORGET"; A. B. degree.



JOHN WARTHAN HOLLAND Tennessee

O! what a noble heart was here undone
When science self destroyed her favorite son."

John was placed on the list of consumers in the fall of 1883, and has been a resident of Jackson since that time. He entered the S. W. B. U. in '99; Kappa Sigma Fraternity; President of Senior Class; Apollonian; Young medal in June contest, '03; one of the orators Washington's Birthday entertainment '04; business manager of "LEST WE FORGET," '04; A. B. degree.

PHILIP PAUL MEDLING Tennessee

"There's nothing so becomes a man
As modest stillness and humility."

Began to grow at Dyer, Tennessee, and never stopped until he came to the University. Since he has been here, his work has been so heavy and his social duties so arduous, that their burden stopped his growth. He entered in '99, and is our Class Poet; he is also librarian of the University; Calliopean; member Sigma Alpha Epsilon fraternity; C. L. S. representative in preliminary oratorical contest '04; President of C. L. S. '03; President J. R. G. '03; valedictorian of C. L. S. '04; member Glee Club '04; A. B. degree.



FRED HARRIS PEEPLES Tennessee

"Muse not that I thus suddenly proceed;
For what I will, I will, and there an end."

We don't want to make any startling statement, but this young man came down with the April showers in 1883. He entered S. W. B. U. four years ago, and has made for himself a reputation as an orator. He is a member of the "LEST WE FORGET" staff; an Apollonian; one of the representatives of the A. L. S. in preliminary oratorical contest '04; Sigma Alpha Epsilon; President of A. L. S. one term '04; one of the orators for A. L. S. annual entertainment '04; A. B. degree.



SAMUEL LOTHAIRE RAGSDALE . Tennessee

"God made him, therefore let him pass for a man."

Made his debut in the world sometime in the seventies. Entered S. W. B. U. in 1903; student University of Nashville 1900-03; received degree of Licentiate of Instruction U. of N. '02; member of Sigma Alpha Epsilon fraternity; member of Varsity eleven '03; Apollonian; member and manager basket ball team '04; President of the Inter-society Oratorical Association '04; Treasurer Athletic Association '04; President A. L. S. one term '04; Class Historian; President of Gibson County Club; member of Glee Club; instructor S. W. B. U. '04; valedictorian of A. L. S. '04; A. B. degree.



Juniors.

Class '05.

Colors.

Old Gold and Black.

Flower.

Sunflower.

Motto

Carpe diem.

Yell.

Vivo, vivo, vivo, vive,
S. W. B. U., 1905,
Who's alive? We're alive,
We're the class of 1905.

Class Roll.

MISS LUDIE MAYO.
MISS IRENE ECHOLS.
MISS LENA RUSHING.
MISS BESS MACKEVETT.
MR. T. SCOTT WILLIAMS.
MR. FLEMING J. O'CONNOR.
MR. W. GARNET FOSTER.
MR. WARNER C. BARHAM.
MR. LUCIUS E. CRUTCFIELD.
MR. T. RILEY DAVIS.
MR. C. W. STUMPH.
MR. GILBERT C. ANDERSON.





JUNIOR CLASS.

Italy

Junior Class History.

AS ALL GREAT events are chronicled in history, it becomes necessary that one of such BOUNDLESS weight and importance as the organization of our Junior Class should have a history entirely its own. If, however, we should undertake to relate all the wonderful happenings of this celebrated class, there would be required a much greater amount of space than is allowed us. For this reason alone, we shall give only a few of the most important items.

In the early fall we had our first meeting and, after due ceremony, elected as president, Mr. T. Scott Williams, who has proved himself an ideal presiding officer and of whom any class might be justly proud.

Miss Minnie Morris was made vice-president, but since that auspicious occasion has returned to her home in Baldwyn, Mississippi, leaving that office vacant.

Mr. Warner C. Barham was next honored by being elected secretary of this intelligent body, and throughout our entire brilliant career has shown marked ability in the preparation of his records.

But it is before our grave and reverend (did I hear a dear Senior raise an objection?) treasurer, Mr. Flemming J. O'Connor, that we bow in admiration. When we consider with what skill and accuracy he has managed our funds (?) we are overwhelmed with gratitude!

Miss Irene Echols, Miss Ludie Mayo, Mr. W. Garnett Foster, Mr. Lucius E. Crutchfield and Miss Bess McKevevett were elected respectively prophet, historian, orator, grumbler, and poet, all of whom could readily prove, if they were only given the slightest opportunity, their remarkable genius. Their mental ability is recognized by each member of our honored faculty as being unparalleled (at least we've come to that conclusion, judging from the laborious tasks they thrust upon us).

When, early in September, the Seniors, noble and aspiring band, first disturbed the "even tenor of our way," we modest Juniors gazed with dazzled



VIEW OF CAMPUS

eyes upon their glowing countenances, marveled at their mighty deeds and bowed before their wondrous wisdom. We anticipated their wishes and listened well to their lightest words (and sometimes they were wondrous light!), and as we gazed at them with awe and speechless admiration, we poor deluded mortals wondered in our innocent souls "what demigods have come so near creation." Imagine, if you can, what a blow it was to our innocence when we learned, to our utter amazement, that the "Great Ones of the Earth" were only mortal and that they, *even they*, did sometime err.

We are inclined to believe that the class of 1904, with its superabundance of vanity, should have as its motto, "I am Sir Oracle and when I ope my lips let no dog bark." We didn't bark until we found them out and so,

You needn't expect it Seniors,
You know it can never be,
No need to even attempt it,
I think you'll agree with me,
That no matter how much you study
And no matter how much you strive,
You can never equal in brilliance
The old class of 1905.

We would say to the school in general,
Learn a lesson from this class,
Avoid the mistakes of these Seniors
Or you'll come to a dreadful pass,
But follow the lead of the Juniors
And then the time may arrive
When you'll almost equal in brilliance
The old class of 1905.



Sophomore.

Motto.

Labor est engeneum.

Colors.

Magenta and Gold.

Roll.

MARGIE ARNOLD.

ELTA ARNOLD.

B. P. BROOKS, *Prophet.*

W. P. BUTLER.

VERNA CAMPBELL.

CORINNE COSTEN, *Poet.*

G. C. FERRELL.

HANNAH HYATT, *Vice-Pres.*

C. N. HARRIS.

C. C. JENNINGS.

ADDIE S. MERCER.

GEO. MORRIS, *Treas.*

S. E. REED.

G. B. SMALLEY, *Orator.*

W. C. SALE.

LADY MARY SMITH.

MINNIE SHANNON.

BESS THRELKELD, *Historian.*

MARY TOWNSEND.

A. K. TIGRETT, *Pres.*

R. W. WAGSTER.

T. R. MOSS, *Sec'ty.*

Yell.

Rickety, Rickety, Rus!

What in the world is the matter with us?

Nothing at all, nothing at all,

We are the Sophs that know it all,

Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah Re Ro

Sophomore, Sophomore 1904.



— B. H. —
— of —



SOPHOMORE CLASS

A Dream.

I AWOKE this morning not with a song and—but from a curious dream which I hope will not be difficult to interpret. In the dream a band of merry muses appeared and revealed to me the destiny of the class of '06. They unveiled a mystic, but inviting realm. Hear, while I unfold the fate of each as told to me. Old Father Time's relentless hand will be laid on all and many and varied will be their joys as well as sorrows. Some will live lives of single blessedness, others will revel in matrimonial bliss.

Margie and Etta—they're settled there,
Both affirm and stoutly swear,
No weaklings they, their lives to wreck
At Cupid's nod or Passion's beck.

Time passed on until its finger on the Zodiac pointed to Minnie Sasser's marriage. What a pity! she was a gifted girl, but spoiled her career by marrying so young. One would not know her as the gay and happy girl of twenty years ago.

Poor Minnie Shannon! How many admirers she had! It was so difficult for her to make a decision, for her tender loving heart could not reject all. After many years we see her "Moss" covered grave, and the "Brooks" will ever sing a requiem as they flow on their course to the sea.

Many maids of many minds, Corinne Coston and Hannah Hyatt became famous "fudge" manufacturers; their business increased to such an extent that they were able to employ a "Butler" and found ready "Sales" for their sweets.

Bess T. declared it was not good for woman to live alone, and when Clyde J. found her one day making love to the man in the moon, he soon convinced her that one nearer home would be a more congenial companion, and that some day they might walk the golden streets of Olympus and from there take a trip to the moon. She is calmly waiting.

George M. became a Professor in (Smith)sonian Institute, saying it was

superior to any other, not excepting even his old Alma Mater, the S. W. B. U.

Look, oh dreamer! Behold thy friend Sales still at the old University; again he has been rewarded for persistent effort and advanced to the Junior and hopes to successfully lead the class in nineteen-twenty.

Addie Mercer is yet young and bright, and fair, but oh! how altered is her air; she was so (Harris)ed she forgot the vows of her school days to be an old maid and changed her views as well as her name.

Tigrett became a Professor of Astronomy and Mary T. the guiding star of his life, and he smiles now as he witnesses the curious circus feats of the minor constellations seen from his own observatory.

Geo. Ferrell became one of those elusive problems that ever defy solution. He made a greater success as captain of a ball team than anything else.

Wesley W. became also famous in the athletic field, sacrificing the love of the only girl who ever loved him. She died of a broken heart.

Eugene R. succeeded Prof. H. as tenor in the old S. W. B. U. Those who are obliged to sit and listen, as others did in the years gone by, are hoping all sins will be wiped away, expiated by the severe penance endured.

Smalley continued for years telling the old, old story. He did not enter the conjugal state till late in life. Perhaps this accounts for his turning lecturer, his favorite theme being, "Is Marriage a Failure."

Lest we forget, oh lest we forget
The muse on Time's scroll has writ each name
Like a half-finished tale each life seems
As fairy hands weave a crown of fame.

I listen to the prophetic strain
And long to live the sweet days again,
Backward then to turn Life's (brightest) leaves
When we culled the precious golden sheaves.

May each one here whose name's inscribed
And all on pleasure's sweet imbibed,
On roll of honor each year be found
All glory gained, by God's hand be crowned.

—BURROW P. BROOKS.



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H. E. BRAY.

JOHN RUSHING.

FRED CARDENAS.

B. L. TYSON.

Colors.

Old Gold and White.

Flower.

Marechal Niel Rose.

Motto.

Nigres omnes nobis similes videntur.

Yell.

As sure as there are angels in heaven,
We'll graduate in 1907.



FRESHMAN CLASS.

Freshman Class History.

ALL GREAT events of history are recorded in ancient, mediæval and modern times. As the Freshman Class has never had any greatness thrust upon it, but has achieved greatness, it is worthy of a place in
LEST WE FORGET.

I think I can truthfully say that the S. W. B. U. has never had a more enthusiastic Freshman Class than we.

This year the book of knowledge has been opened to us and we have found that we are not of so much importance as when in our Sub-Freshman year we thought we would be.

We have crossed the Rubicon with Cæsar on rafts of "Indirect Discourse;" we have felt an ardent desire to shine as intellectual stars, and have had a longing in our hearts for something more difficult than Geometry; consequently, the "Sophs" have very kindly agreed to leave us "Trig."

We are prominent in the fraternities, in the societies, in athletics and in the faculty meetings, and all the other prominent places of college life.

As yet, we have not shown the greatness which lies dormant within us, but before we leave the S. W. B. U. in '07 we hope to show what the Freshman Class of '04 can do.

RAMELLE BRITT.

The Freshman.

Who has woes and toils and pain,
Who bears all that he may gain
The prospect of renown and fame?
A Freshman.

Who is jeered and laughed to scorn,
Whose brow is it that's daily crowned
With cutting words and bitter frowns?
A Freshman.

Who must bear the brunt of fun,
And have his feelings daily "*done*,"
Supply the joker's pen with puns?
The poor Freshman.

Who is it that the teachers hate,
That always reaches classes late,
And who is charg'd with an empty pate?
It is a Freshman.

If any one deserves from men
A word of kindness now and then,
A cheering act from stage or pen,
It certainly is a Freshman.

Who meets the Seniors' winks and nods,
As through his task he blindly plods,
And treads with fear where others trod?
No one—just a Freshman.

Who are those wise old men out there
With cap and gown and Senior-air,
With heads so full of knowledge rare?
Well, they are "*used-to-be*" Freshmen.

Who are the men of worth to-day,
Who hold the world within their sway
And move the millions in their way?
They are those who once were the freshest of Freshmen.
—ROSWELL DAVIS, *Freshman Poet* 1904.





DR. P. T. HALE

Recently elected President, who will take charge June 1, 1904

Roll of Business Department.

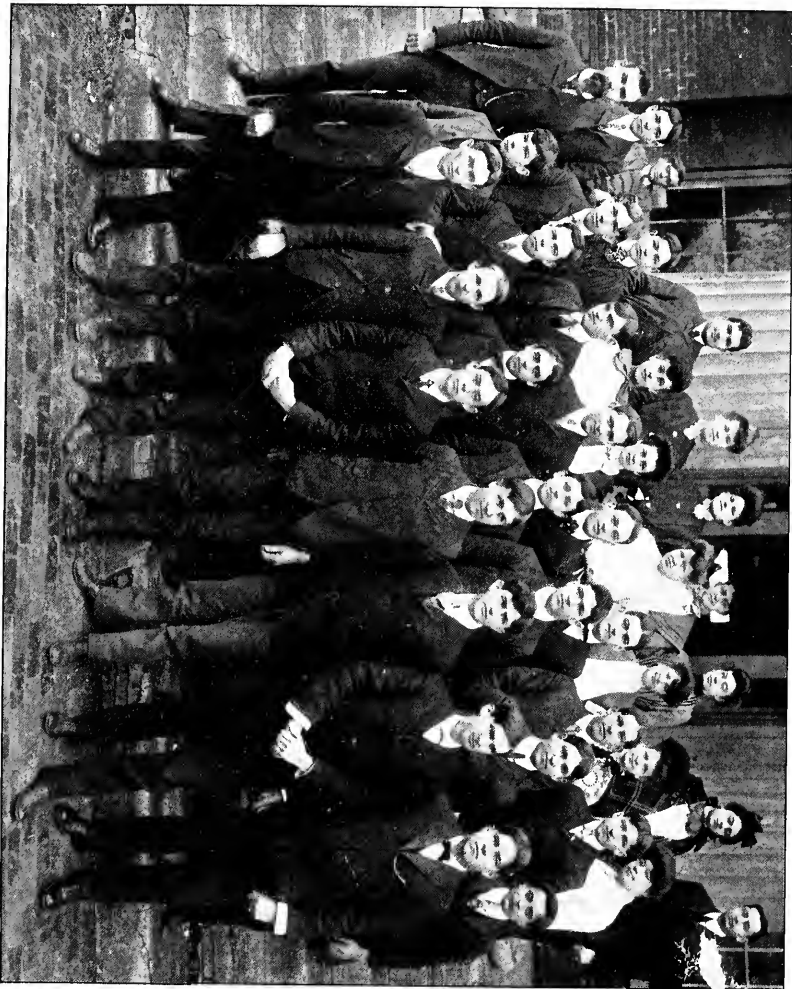
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GOODWIN, MISS CONSTANCE.
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STREET, KATHERINE.
UNDERWOOD, ED.
KELSO, J. O.
RICHARDSON, MISS ETHEL.
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SIMMONS, DUKE.
HARRIS, PHILIP.

HOWARD, O. T.
PIGFORD, C.
SWAIM, C.
JONES, MISS IDA.
VAUGHAN, MISS GLADYS.
JOHNSON, MRS. RUBY.
ROACH, MISS JUDSON.
TOWNSEND, HARRY.
BROOKS, J. R.
MOORE, A. W.
HURD, A. R.
ELSTON, ERNEST.
WOODS, E. O.
THOMAS, D. I.
PERCIVAL, H. D.
AKIN, COLLINS.
BLEDSE, MISS R. R.
WARREN, RALPH.
WILLIAMS, MISS BESSIE.
JACKSON, O. C.
NEWMAN, F. F.
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DODD, JAMES.
CARPENTER, MISS J. H.
O'CONNOR, JAMES.
FIFER, MISS FANNIE.
HICKEY, MISS MAI.
HICKEY, MISS ALMA.
SCOTT, MISS ANNIE.
ELLIOTT, C. R.
SMITH, E. H.



STUMPED.



CLASS IN SCHOOL OF BUSINESS.

How He Won His Drive.

THE ROOM was brilliant with light and assembled beauty. A little apart with her cousin Philip, stood Helen Winthrop talking earnestly, when lifting her eyes she encountered the quiet gaze of a gentleman, who was leaning against the window near by and regarding her steadily.

As her eyes met his, she felt a little resentful of the quizzical light in them, yet her curiosity was piqued—in short, she was interested. She spoke in a low tone to Philip, who beckoned to him. The man came forward slowly, yet not at all disconcerted, and they were introduced. There was an ironical light in his eyes as he bowed low over the tips of the fingers she presented him. She sent a full critical look, yet not without inquiry into his, as she said in coolly conventional tones, "I am happy to have met you."

The man, with an assumption of mock humility, held her eyes with his own as he challenged, "I hope I shall prove equal to your demands, Miss Winthrop."

She was surprised, but she restrained her curiosity, and with a pretty little outward gesture as if refusing to discuss the subject, said indifferently, "Do your best and I shall not complain." Then more naturally, while a ripple of genuine girlish amusement crossed her lips, asked with sudden animation, "How do you know I have demands?"

"You should hide your eyes when you wish to hide your thoughts. In addition, your cousin Philip told me I was on trial and if satisfactory, to my Lady Disdain, I should be granted the privilege of the seat by her side on the drive home to-night;" then without special interest, "is the pleasure to be mine?"

She puckered her delicate brows and looked down, as if in deep reflection. The man watched her coquetry with an amused smile. At last she lifted her glance and with quite a friendly burst of confidence replied, "The average human must come to conclusions—incorrect, if you like, but still *conclusions*. I shall tell you mine when they are reached, and in the meanwhile, Mr. Fenton, remember you are on trial, so be on your best behavior, for upon that

depends entirely your place in the trap—and in my heart," she added as a happy afterthought.

The two were standing under a chandelier of the brilliantly lighted parlor, the girl, slim, white, soft and seductive as moonlight; he, elegant, quiet, with an air of poise and unembarrassed self-confidence which was guaranteed by the sense of power which radiated in everything he did and said.

They had stood for some moments mentally summing up each other, when Miss Winthrop suddenly asked in an injured tone, "Do you know you have not asked to see my dance card?"

"True, I had quite forgotten it."

"You do not speak as if you much cared," with a little pout.

"You must see I am wildly, extravagantly interested." The quiet gravity of his face belied the words. Miss Winthrop laughed frankly and extending her tablet said, "You may put your name down for any dance."

They were in full view of everyone, a fact which he apparently did not mind, for he took programme, hand and all in his own firm clasp. But he did not reply. Instead, he seemed to forget that he held them. Miss Winthrop watched him from under her eyelashes with a half-defined smile playing in the dimples of her mouth. At last with a faint uplifting of her straight brows, "I am afraid you are fatiguing yourself, Mr. Fenton. You can put my things down now."

"When I have taken what belongs to me," said he with the most imperturbable calm. "Did you not promise me a dance, and I have not put my name down for one yet."

Whereupon, still holding her hand in one of his, with the other he pulled back the cool slim, fingers and took from them the tablet, but instead of inscribing his name, he slipped it into his pocket and quietly tucked the little hand under his arm, saying in positive tones, "Come for a walk on the veranda instead of dancing, I should like it much better."

Helen was ashamed of herself for being secretly pleased at this high-handed method. Nevertheless, she did not refuse, although she warned him, "I am dreadfully stupid in the moonlight."

"We are most of us *ourselves* under its influence and I wish to know you as you are," he coolly suggested. Here she withdrew her hand positively, and together they walked out into the night. She leaned against the balustrade, with the moonlight falling in long streamers and clinging about her like a veil. Most women are pretty in the moonbeams, but this soft-eyed, tender-faced girl

seemed a part of the mystery of the night as she leaned there looking up at the scurrying clouds as they were blown in long fleecy strips across the deep blue overhead. The odor of the jasmine floated up from the woods and the tones of a solitary bird clove its somber depths.

Fenton stood mutely regarding her and, try as he would, he could not persuade himself that the pose and the picture were not consciously made for him. The idea irritated him and it was in complete silence that he drew out his cigar and lighted it without asking permission. Perhaps she interpreted his unspoken thought, for it was in decidedly imperious tone that she demanded, "Why don't you say something? It is rude to stare so."

Provoking silence.

"Do you hear me speak to you?" with increasing irritation.

"The moon is exceedingly becoming, but suppose we go in," he suggested.

Fortunately for all concerned, a reproachful voice was heard, as the owner came eagerly through the window.

"Here you are, found at last! I call this a beastly shame, Fenton, to give us all the slip and hide out like this. A dozen fellows are claiming Miss Winthrop for this dance and are searching for her high and low."

In verification, a merry crowd came laughing up the veranda.

"I never saw any one so distressingly sentimental," said Jack Foote, Helen's cousin and dearest foe, "Fenton mooning and making love, and Helen pale and pensive."

Miss Winthrop accepted the challenge. "And I never saw any one so distressingly idiotic."

Jack, wilfully mistaking her, "Oh Fenton, she traduces you! We all know 'practice makes perfect' and haven't you been at it a number of years!"

Fenton, who never by any chance lost his self-possession, said, "Knowing my anxiety to please and Miss Winthrop's determination *not* to be pleased, I crave your pity in defeat."

"Cheer up, old fellow," said Jack, "there'll be moonlight nights again later on."

No one cared to notice this impertinence and Helen, moving toward the door, turned and glanced up at Fenton. "Goodnight," she said, nodding her head at him in a slow, sweet fashion that confessed her petulance and asked for pardon all in one.

For full a moment, Fenton stood as they left him. Then he turned on his heel, went into the night and finished his cigar out on one of the rustic seats

under an oak. It is a significant fact that he did not come into the house during the rest of the dance—which exasperated Miss Winthrop not a little.

“He is blessed with more impudence than any *two* men I know,” she mentally commented, noticing his absence. Then she thought of her programme he had in his pocket and her blood boiled. Yet, after the last strains of the Home Sweet Home waltz had died away, she sat for fully five minutes in a far-away dream, then scribbling on a piece of paper she had borrowed from the girl next to her, she gave the note to a small boy of the family who was standing near, with directions to find Mr. Fenton.

When this young man received it under his tree in the yard, he struck a match and read:

“Bring back my dance card immediately and come drive me home.”

He smiled a knowing smile; gave the youngster a quarter and strolled leisurely into the house.

—CAMILLE BEATRICE BELL.





VIEW OF LOVELACE HALL.

From the Latin of Horace.

Ode V, Book I.

What graceful lad with perfumed brow,
On rosy banks reclining,
Doth homage pay to thee, fair maid,
Whilst thou thy locks art twining?

Oh, Pyrrha fair, with auburn hair,
How simple in thy beauty !
Yet for thy cause one would not pause
To leave his highest duty.

How often will he moan his faith,
His changed gods disproved,
Who, heedless of thy coquetry,
Has trusted thee and loved.

The fickle breeze, rough sea winds
Have warned him, yet in vain,
Who all unwonted hope and sighs
That constant thou'lt remain.

Ah, wretch, they who credulous,
Believe thee fancy free,
Who all too soon become aware
Of thy wiles and witchery.

The votive picture on the wall
May tell my fate for me
For I have hung my garments up
To the ruler of the sea.



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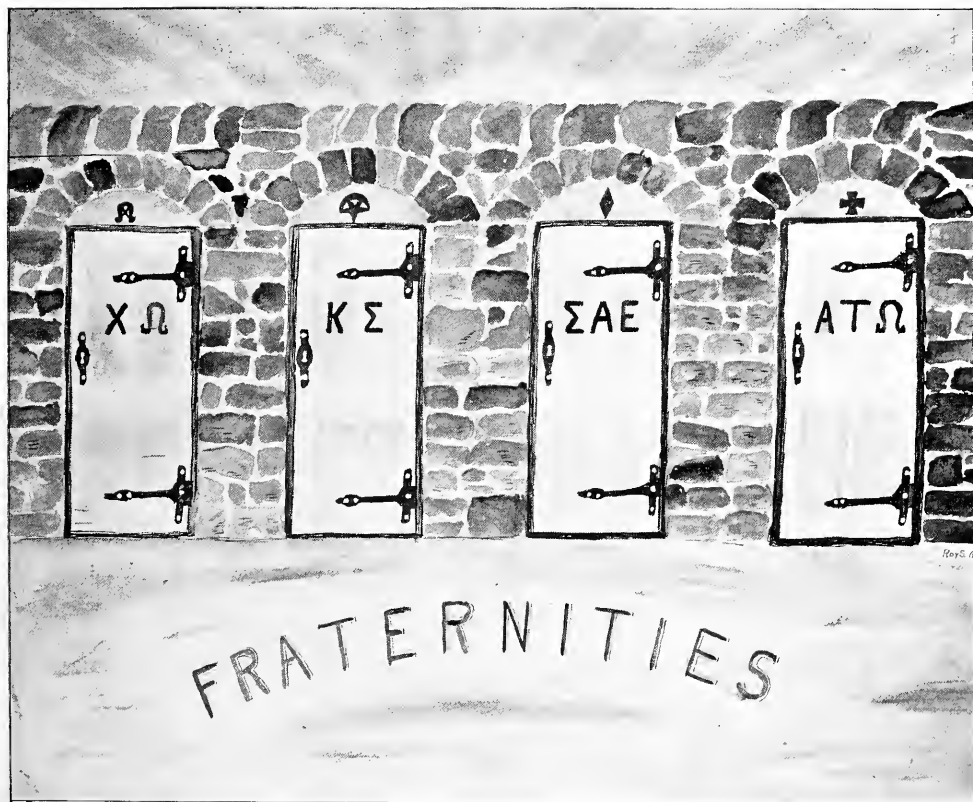


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Sigma Alpha Epsilon.

Founded 1856. Tenn. Eta Chapter founded 1867.

Official Organ:

The Record.

Flower:

Violet.

Secret Publication:

Phi Alpha.

Colors:

Purple and Old Gold.

Members.

'04.

SAMUEL LOTHAIRES RAGSDALE.

FRED HARRIS PEEPLES.

PHILIP PAUL MEDLING.

'05.

THOMAS SCOTT WILLIAMS.

GILBERT CHRISTIAN ANDERSON, JR.

FLEMING JAMES O'CONNOR.

'06.

AUGUSTUS KING TIGRETT.

GEORGE COOPER FERREL.

'07.

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ROBERT HENRY ANDERSON.

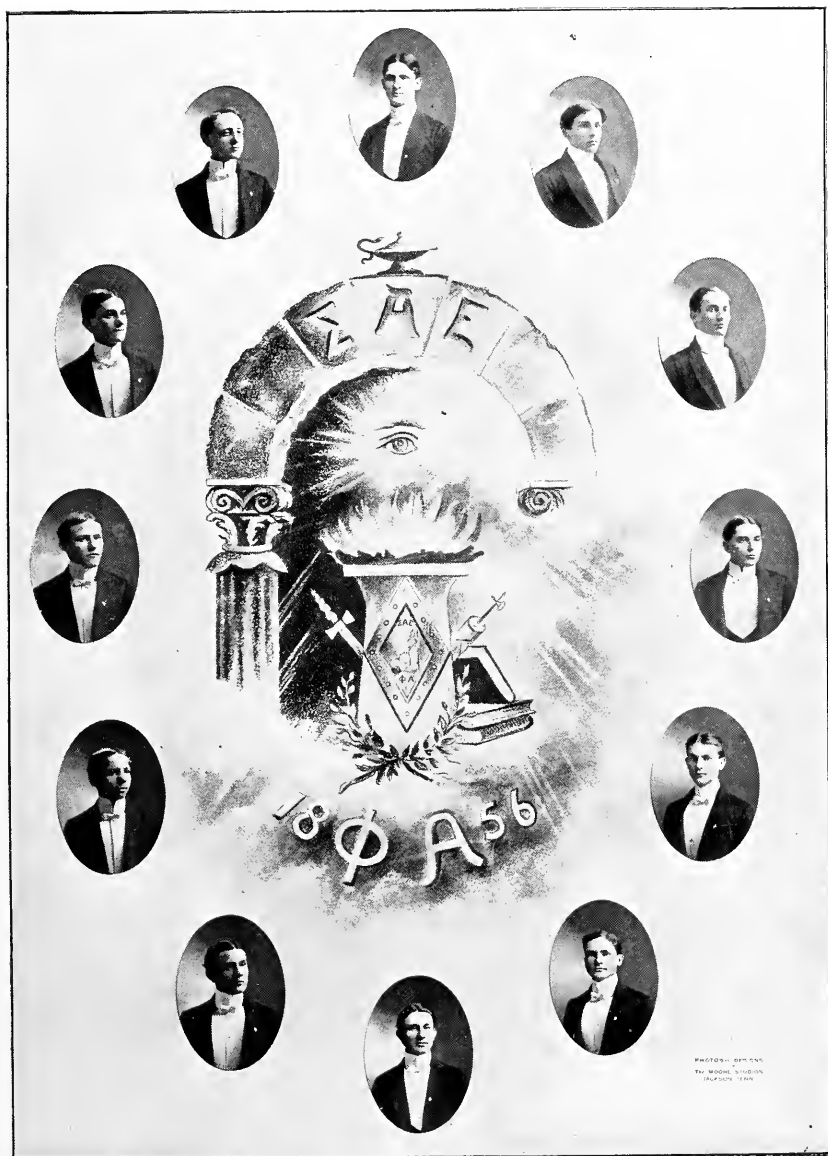
JOHN HOYT RUSHING.

Special.

ELMER HARRIS SMITH.

Our Yell.

Phi Alpha Alicazee, Phi Alpha Alicazon,
Sigma Alpha, Sigma Alpha, Sigma Alpha Epsilon,
Rah, Rah, Bon Ton, Sigma Alpha Epsilon,
Rah, Rah, Bon Ton, Sigma Alpha Epsilon,
Ruh Rah, Ruh Rah, Ruh Rah Ree,
Ruh Rah, Ruh Rah, S. A. E.



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THE BROWN & BROWN
BOSTON, MASS.

Kappa Sigma. •

Founded 1867, U. of Va. Alpha Theta, 1892.

Official Organ :

Caduceus.

Flower :

Lily of the Valley.

Secret Publication :

Star and Crescent.

Colors :

Scarlet, White, and Emerald Green.

Members.

'04.

PERCY LAFAYETTE ECHOLS.

JOHN WARTHAN HOLLAND.

'06.

GEORGE MORRIS.

ROBERT LEE KLUTTS.

CARROLL NILES HARRIS.

COLUMBUS CLYDE JENNINGS.

'07.

ROY ROCHELLE.

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JOHN ZARA NORRIS.

HENRY COLUMBUS KLUTTS.

WALTER A. PARTIN.

Specials.

WILLIAM RUSSELL THOMPSON.

SENER WILSON REINEY.

Yell.

Rah! Rah! Rah!

Crescent and star!

Vive la! Vive la!

Kappa Sigma!

Alpha Theta, Alpha Theta!

Rah, Rah, Rah!

Alpha Theta, Alpha Theta!

Kappa Sigma!



Alpha Tau Omega.

Official Organ:
The Palm.

Founded 1865. Beta Tau, 1894.

Flower:
White Tea Rose.

Colors:

Sky Blue and Old Gold.

Yell.

Hip, Hurrah! Hip, Hurrah!
Three cheers for Alpha Tau!
Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!

Fratres in Urbe.

MILTON B. HURT	Va. Beta
RICHARD R. SNEED.	Tenn. Beta Tau
REV. CLEANTHE BROOKS.	Tenn. Beta Pi
A. V. PATTON	Tenn. Beta Tau
J. M. TROUTT, JR.	Tenn. Beta Tau

Fratres in Facultate.

GEORGE MARTIN SAVAGE, A. M., LL.D.	Tenn. Iota
<i>President of the University.</i>	
HARRY LEE PARRISH, LL.B.	Tenn. Lambda
<i>Dean of the Law School.</i>	

Fratres in Unibersitate.

'04.

M. E. DODD.

J. T. EARLY.

'05.

W. C. BARHAM.

W. G. FOSTER.

C. W. STUMPH.

'06.

S. E. REED.

T. R. MOSS.

R. W. WAGSTER.

G. B. SMALLEY.

W. M. CAMPBELL.

'07.

J. P. MORRIS.

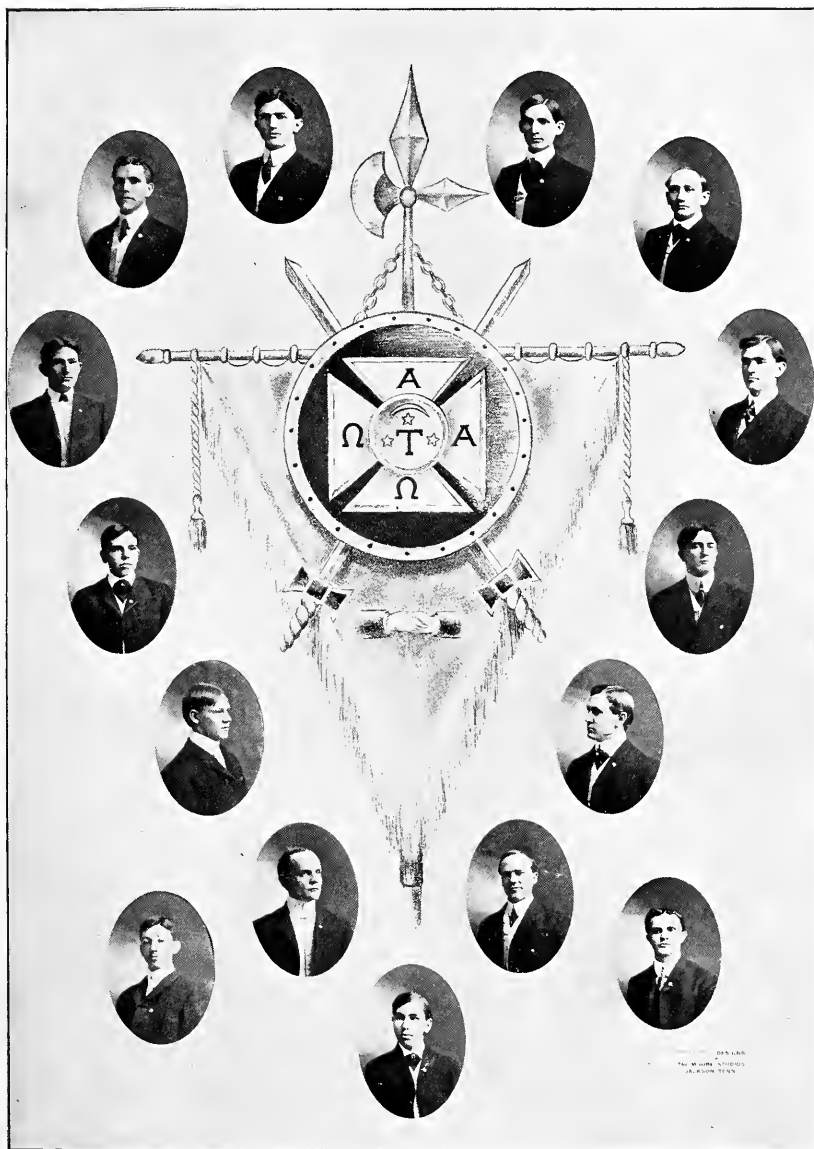
W. M. BLACKARD.

T. L. PITT.

Specials.

J. F. YOUNG.

J. W. NAWL.



— DANIEL
THE WOODS, OREGON
J. K. WOOD, TENN.



Chi Omega.

Founded 1895. Upsilon Chapter, 1904.

Official Organ.

Eleusis.

Flower.

White Carnation.

Colors.

Cardinal and Straw.

Yell.

We'll vie, we'll try, we'll never die,
Chi, Chi, Omega, Chi.

Sorores in Unibersitate.

'04.

DRU HELEN CROOK.

BESS BLAND EDWARDS.

'05.

IRENE ECHOLS.

HELEN CAROLYN SAVAGE.

MINNIE MORRIS.

'06.

ELIZABETH THRELKELD.

ADDIE LOVE MERCER.

HANNAH HYATT.

'07.

AUGUSTA NUNN.

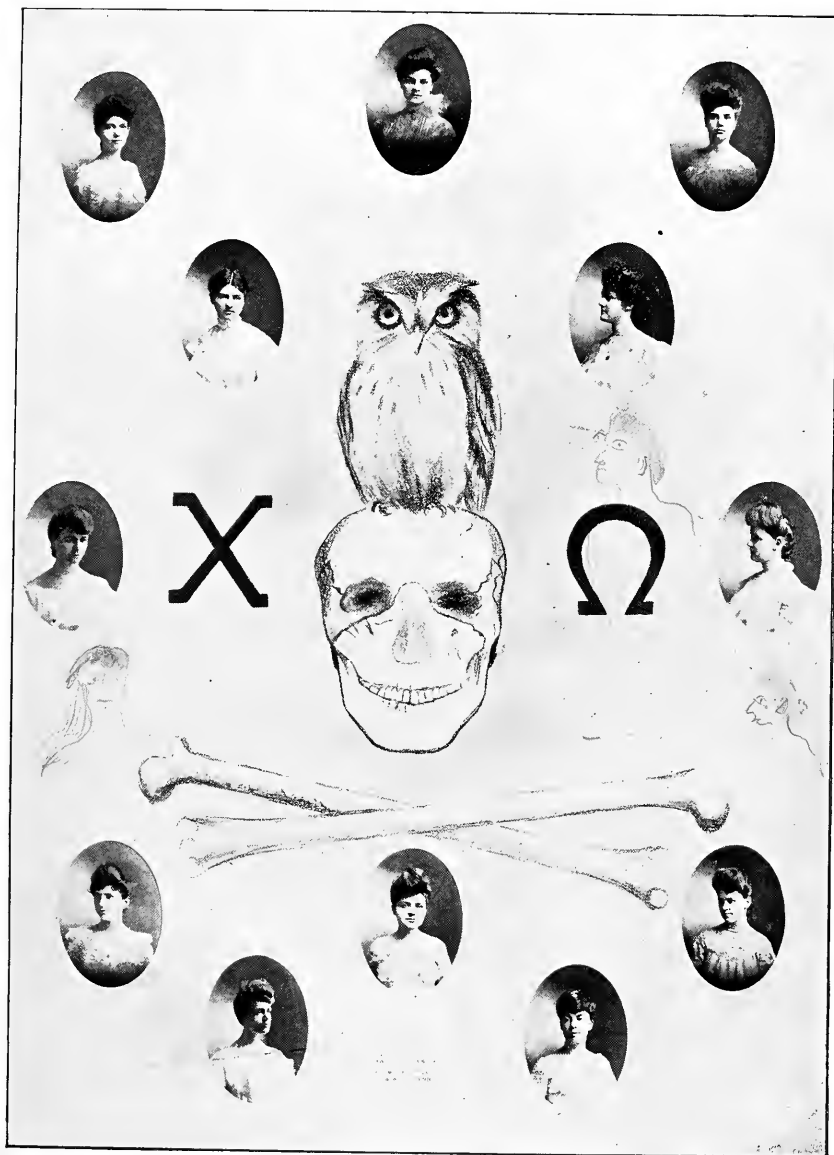
MARTHA MAI JETTON.

Sorores in Urbe.

ORA BELL MCGEE, B. A.

BEATRICE BELL, B. A.

BESS RUTLEDGE CRIGLER.



BARHAM:—"Sale has bought a microscope."

FOSTER:—"Is he studying science still?"

B.:—"No, but he carries it round and applies it to the jokes he hears so that he can see the point."

FRESHIE:—"How do you make a Maltese cross?"

SOPHIE:—"Pull his tail."



College Boy's "Psalm of Life."

Bill collectors all remind us
We must now economize,
Or departing leave behind us
Bills for "dad" to itemize.



In the spring the loafing Freshman
Feels his heart begin to sink,
For exams are full upon him
And it's time for him to think.



On his way to the studi-o
His boots he got muddy-o
And he spent his last dime
To get him a shine,
And it wasn't so funny-o.

When he came home from the studi-o
His face it was ruddy-o
For the camera broke,
Now this is'nt a joke,
And "broke" was the laddie-o.



DR. DEUPREE (in Chemistry).—Mr. Stumph, what do you think would be the best antidote to administer to a man who has taken poison?

STUMPH (confidently).—Administer the sacrament.

PROF. YOUNG (in Fresh.-Eng.).—Mr. Sale, I see Milton has choir spelled quire, is this the correct way to spell the word?

SALE (doubtfully).—I thought Professor, that it was spelled choir.

PROF. Y.—Well, Mr. Sale, Milton certainly knew how to spell choir, he was in college eight years.

SALE (convincingly).—So was I.



Calliopean Literary Society.

Motto

“ Nil Desperandum.”

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P. P. MEDLING.	



Apollonian Literary Society.

Motto.

Esse Quam Videri.

Colors.

Dark Blue and White.

Members.

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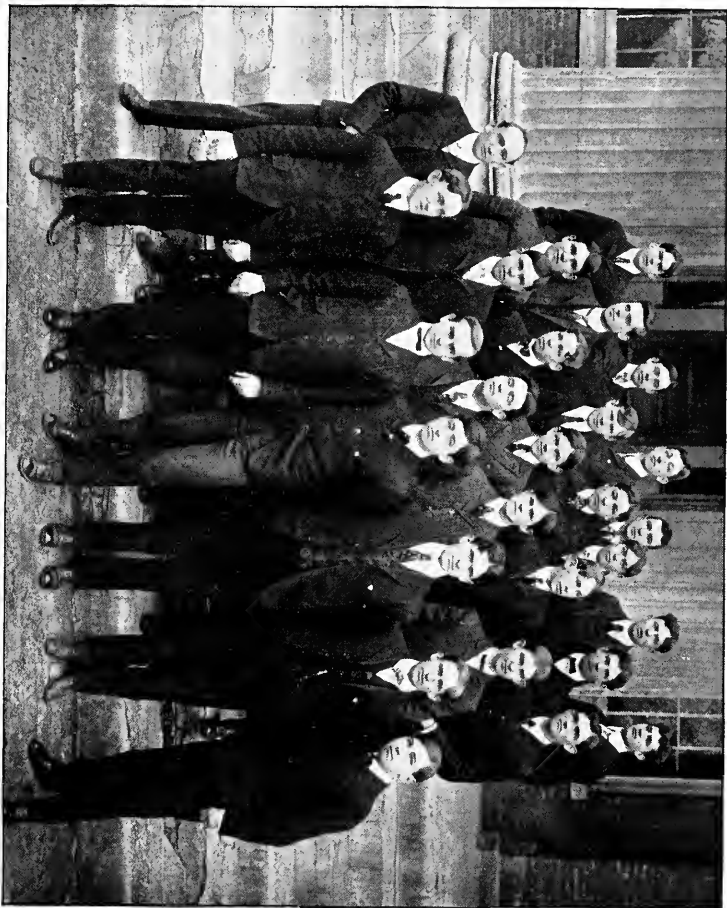
PHILLIPS, C. L.

KELSO, J. O.

BLAKELY, R. M.

Yell.

Hurrah for old Mary,
Hurrah for the lamb,
Hurrah for the Society
That don't give a —
Rip Van Winkle
Cis Boom Bah!
A. L. S., A. L. S.
Rah! Rah! Rah!



PALLADIAN



Motto.

Wisdom, Industry, and Taste.

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MARJORIE ARNOLD.

RAMELLE BRITT, *Marshal.*

DELIA BEVILLE.

DRU HELEN CROOK, *First Critic.*

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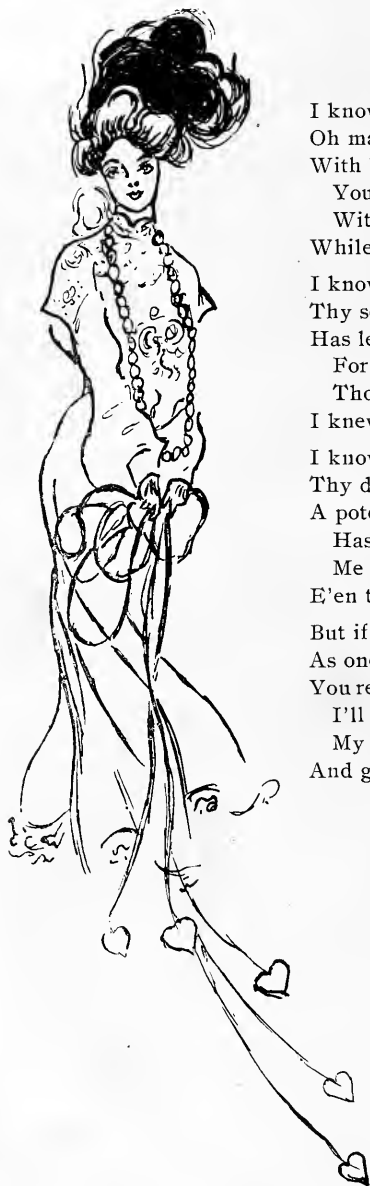
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MARY HAYS TOWNSEND, *Treasurer.*

BESS WILLIAMS.







To a Coquette.

I know not why,
Oh maiden shy,
With laughing eyes beguiling
You won my heart
With subtle art
While on me sweetly smiling.

I know not why
Thy softest sigh
Has left my heart sore hurting,
For even then,
Tho' not a sin,
I knew that you were flirting.

I know not why
Thy down-cast eye
A potent charm conveying,
Has quite entranced
Me as it glanced,
E'en then thy wiles betraying.

But if it be,
As one can see,
You really have been "chaffing,"
I'll try to hide
My wounded pride,
And go my way still laughing.





D. W. C. A.

Roll.

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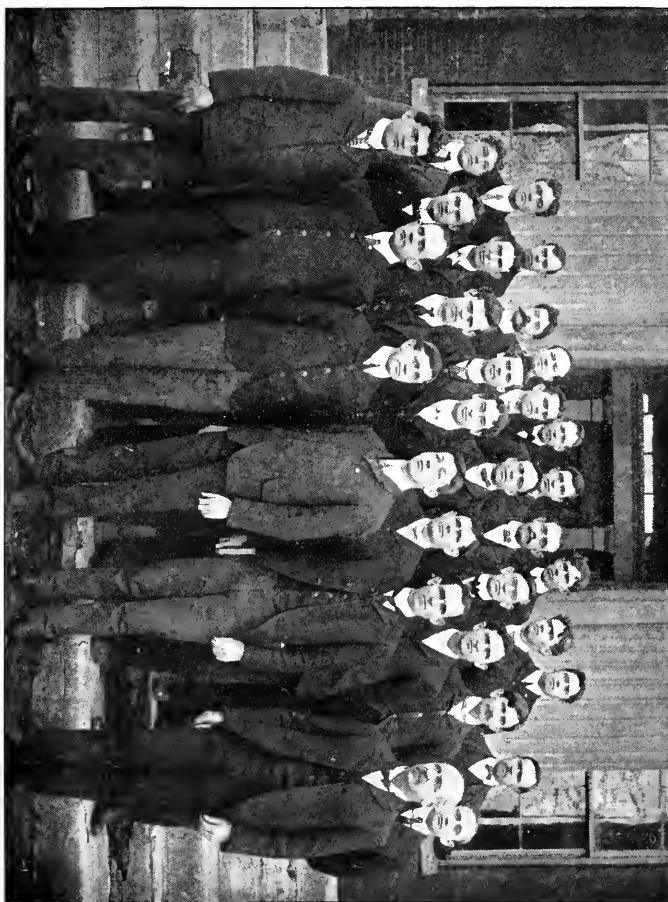
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E. L. STOVALL.
C. W. STUMPH.
L. D. SUMMERS.
H. E. WATERS.





To My Ideal.

I.

Thou art the sweetest of the sweet,
Thou art the fairest of the fair,
In thee all charms and graces meet,
And thou art debonair.

II.

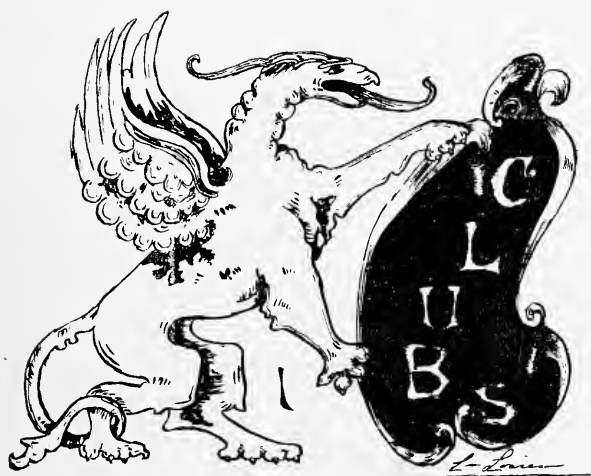
Thou hast a stately pose and visage mild
Like one for whom the knights of Arthur strove,
Ah, peacefully thou singest a welcome song,
The simple, silent melody of love.

III.

Thine eyes are softer than the evening star,
Thy voice sounds like Cecilia's heavenly lay;
And in the soft enchantment of thy glance
A host of little, impish love fays play.

IV.

O, drink sublime of flowing ecstasy,
Ambrosial nectar that Olympus sips,
O, paradise, O, bright elysium
To leave a kiss on those carnelian lips.
—T. R. Moss.





Motto.

"It's up to us."

Colors.

Green and White.

Flower.

Apple Blossom.

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S. E. REED.

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W. C. BARHAM.

S. L. RAGSDALE.

F. H. PEEPLES.

T. F. I. Club.

Colors.

Chocolate and Cream.

Flower.

Four Leaf Clover.

Motto.

We so act that each to-morrow brings demerits as to-day.

Object.

Fun.

Fun Preventative.

Demerits.

Yell.

Ra, ra, re!
Rae, rae, rae!
We are the girls of the T. F. I.
We eat pickles, we eat cake,
We eat all that we can fake,
We come with a yell, we come with a cry.
We come, we come as the T. F. I.

Roll Call.

MARINA PHILLIPS—Flunky "Behind time"
CORINNE COSTEN—Skinny Aggravate "Not up"
ORNICE PECK—Chee Chee "I'm coming"
BENNY PERRY—Hippa "Don't wait for me"



T. F. I. CLUB.

Handolin Club.



MARY TIMBERLAKE.

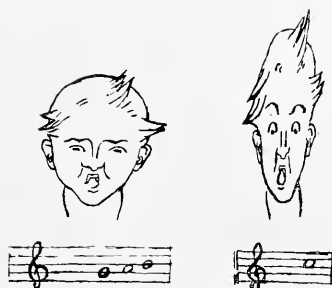
ORA BELLE MCGHE.

HELEN SAVAGE.

LENA THRELKELD.

PARKER BUTLER.

Glee Club.



M. V. B. EXUM, JR.

J. D. FRANKS.

M. E. DODD.

J. F. YOUNG.

P. L. ECHOLS.

S. L. RAGSDALE.

S. E. REED.

PALLAS BROWN.

F. H. PEEPLES.



VIEW OF ADAMS HALL





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Foot Ball Team.

TIGRETT, I. B., Left End.
 RAGSDALE, Left Tackle.
 WARREN, Center.
 HANEBUTH, Right Tackle.
 WAGSTER, Left Half-back.
 ANDERSON, Substitute.

THOMAS, Left Guard.
 BRAY, Right Guard.
 TIGRETT, A. K., Right End.
 WILLIAMS, Quarter Back.
 FOSTER, (Capt.) Right Half-back.
 ECHOLS, Full-back.
 BARTON, Substitute.

Base Ball.

Officers.

GEORGE MORRIS, Manager.
I. B. TIGRETT, Coach.
T. S. WILLIAMS, Captain.

Team.

FREEMAN, p.	YOUNG, 3b.
PIERCE, p.	ECHOLS, l. f.
REINEY, c.	BLAKELY, r. f.
PARTIN, 1 b.	FERRELL, c. f.
WILLIAMS, 2 b.	BOONE, sub.
TIGRETT, ss.	KELSO, sub.

Record 1904.

March 25	C. B. C. (Memphis)	. . . 0	S. W. B. U.	12
" 26	C. B. C.	" . . . 0	S. W. B. U.	4
" 31	Vanderbilt 9	S. W. B. U.	6
April 1	Vanderbilt 1	S. W. B. U.	3
" 2	Vanderbilt 2	S. W. B. U.	1
" 7	Cumberland 2	S. W. B. U.	1 (13 innings.)
" 8	Cumberland 18	S. W. B. U.	5
" 9	Cumberland 5	S. W. B. U.	4
" 12	U. of Nashville 4	S. W. B. U.	2
" 13	U. of Nashville 1	S. W. B. U.	9
" 21	U. of Miss. 0	S. W. B. U.	3
" 22	U. of Miss. 10	S. W. B. U.	1
" 23	U. of Miss. 10	S. W. B. U.	6





The Deuce-it Club.

Motto.—"He reached over the net."

Colors.—Red and White.

Officers.

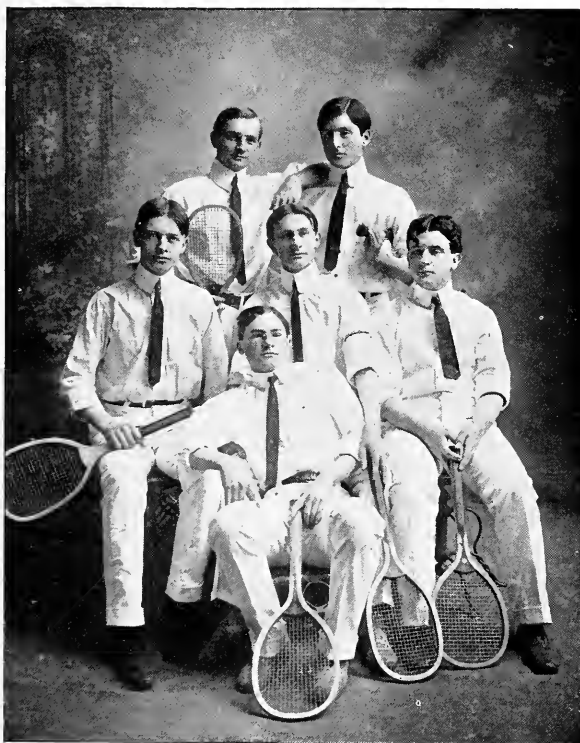
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 A. K. TIGRETT, *Vice-President*.
 GEO. MORRIS, *Secretary and Treasurer*.

Board of Control.

C. S. YOUNG. GEO. MORRIS.
 J. W. HOLLAND.

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GARNETT FOSTER.	
SCOTT DULIN.	CARROLL HARRIS.
	ROB ANDERSON.
BURROW BROOKS.	FRED CARDENAS.
	CLYDE JENNINGS.
ROY ROCHELLE.	ARTHUR PARTIN.
	SAM RAGSDALE.
PERCY ECHOLS.	WARNER BARHAM.



Champions.

Motto.

We are it.

Seniors.

P. L. ECHOLS.

Juniors.

T. S. WILLIAMS.

Sophomores.

A. K. TIGRETT.

J. W. HOLLAND.

W. G. FOSTER.

GEO. MORRIS.



The West Side Tennis Club.

Colors—Red and White.

Motto—"Never make love, never play the deuce, always take advantage."

Members.

BEATRICE BELL.
HELEN SAVAGE.
AUGUSTA NUNN.
DRU HELEN CROOK.

GEO. MORRIS.
ERNEST ESTES.
PERCY ECHOLS.
JOHN HOLLAND.



Girls' Tennis Club.

AUGUSTA NUNN.

BESS THRELKELD.

MINNIE SHANNON.

RAMELLE BRITT.

VERNA CAMPBELL.

MARY TOWNSEND.

MARJORIE ARNOLD.

HANNAH HYATT.

ADDIE MERCER.

AMY FITZPATRICK.

DRU HELEN CROOK.

BESS EDWARDS.

OLIVE KIRBY.

CORINNE COSTEN.





Basket Ball Team.

S. L. RAGSDALE, '04, *Manager.*

BOONE	Center
MOSS	Forward
ECHOLS	Forward
FOSTER (Captain)	Guard
RAGSDALE	Guard
HARRIS, SWOR, AND JACKSON	Substitutes

The Stars.

Motto.

"As sure as the stars shine,
They'll win every time."

Colors.

Emerald Green and White.

Roll.

ORA MCGEE.
BESS THRELKELD.
IRENE ECHOLS.
RAMELLE BRITT.

HELEN SAVAGE.
MARTHA MAI JETTON.
HANNAH HYATT.
MARY SMITH.

Captain.

HELEN SAVAGE.

Umpire.

HANNAH HYATT.

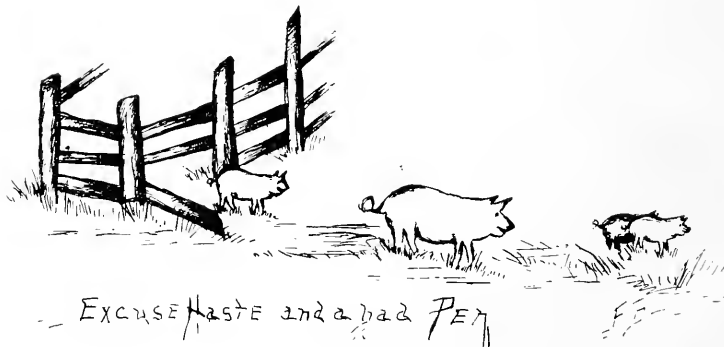


Song of the Freshman.

I want to be a senior dignified,
I want to have a "pony" I can ride,
I will work both night and day
And go singing on my way,
For I want to be a senior dignified.

I want to wear a cap and gown with grace,
For the saucy sophs to set a lively pace;
I'll get up at early dawn and my overcoat I'll pawn,
If I can only be a senior dignified.

For a senior pin I'd spend my last red cent,
My ready cash already I have spent
In rushing seniors tall,
Trying not to look so small,
For I want to be a senior dignified.



Lines Dedicated to the Seniors.

Three cheers for our Seniors of 1904,
Standing inside the fast closed door
Of life, looking out to future days,
Traveling, in thought, the world's highways,
Soon to be thrown 'midst the turmoil and strife
Of this realm of existence which God has called life.

Dear girls and boys--soon women and men--
Straight to each heart this message we send:
Go forth in the world and bravely contest
For truth and for honor and all that is best,
Strong will, your companion, through thick and through thin,
Defending and helping, the victory you'll win.

Be true to yourselves, be true to your God,
Keep love as your prompter and hope as your rod.
We have gone hand in hand, but now we must part
Though sad regrets fill each and every heart,
And though the path to fame be steep and blind,
Yet with hope and courage the height you'll find.

All that is grandest, noblest, and best
Is won by a will to labor with zest
For the good of our country, our home, and friend;
To live in His service till this life shall end.
May each life be brightened by the light of your soul.
And hope urge you on to eternity's goal.



To-day.

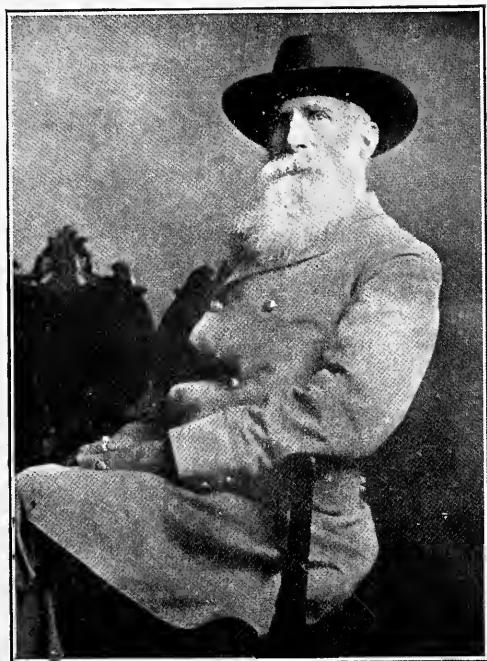
I know not what may come to me in all the distant years,
How much of feverish restlessness, of loneliness, and tears;
I need not look with troubled eyes unto that distant day,
I shall not worry for the time which may be far away;
O Thee, who doeth all things well, who calmeth every fear,
I pray that I may live with strength just the small day that's here.

Acrostic.

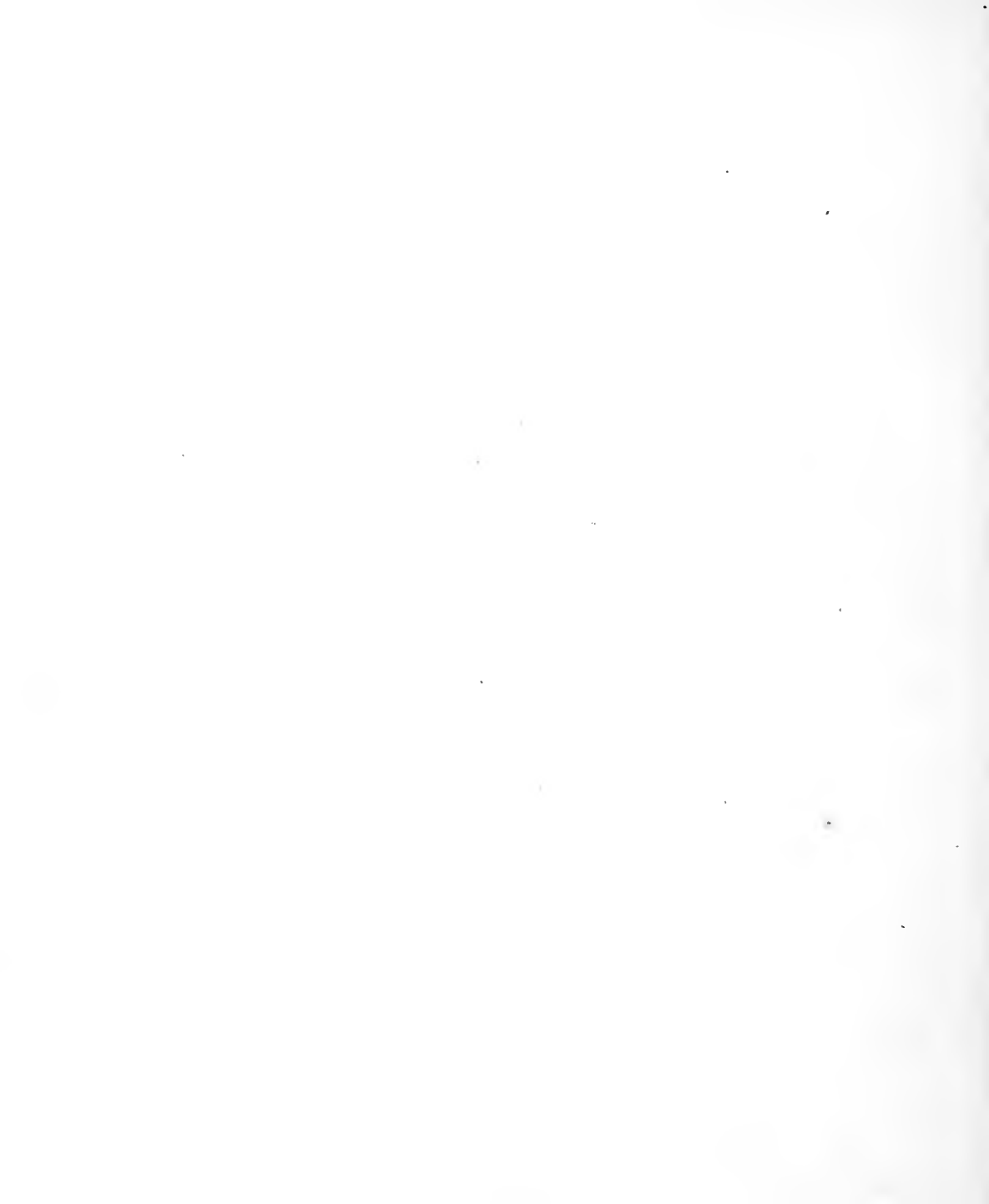
Beauteous maid and lonely maid,
Eyes so bright of tender blue,
Say what would you do with my heart,
So true, if I gave it to you?
"I would yearn and weep and pray to keep
Each heart beat for mine so true."

Eyes so blue, art mocking me,
Dear maiden with heart so gay?
What would you do with this my heart,
Are you wishing it to-day?
Right now it's thine, little maid so fair,
Don't cast aside and deem it air;
Sweet little maid of golden hair.

—B. P. B.



OLDEST ALUMNUS OF THE S. W. B. U.
Dr. T. R. Wingo, B. A., 1857, Trezevant, Tenn.





Pivot, A. M., Ph. D.

Inasmuch as this extraordinary canine has spent the greater part of his life in a university, he has imbibed the true college spirit and has become a staunch pillar of our school. After graduating at the University of Nebraska, "*summa cum laude*," he has come to S. W. B. U. for his Ph. D. His intellectual bearing and noble mien are but rays from the light within.

Chronicle 1903-04.

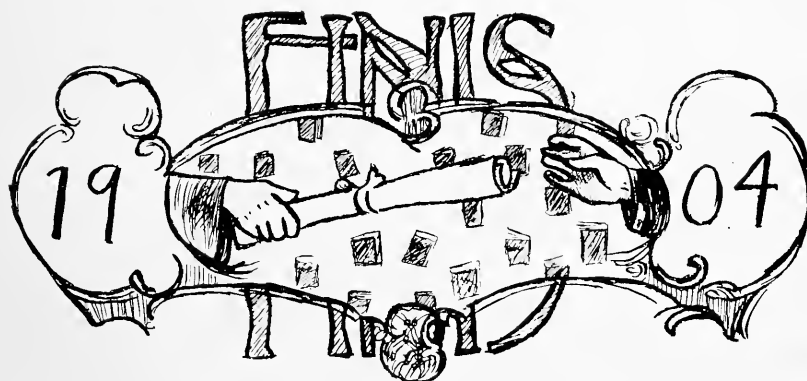
Wednesday, Sept. 2, 1903 Session opened
 Thursday, Nov. 6, 1903 Installation of Upsilon Chapter
 Thursday, Nov. 6, 1903 S. A. E. Banquet to Chi Omega
 Friday, Nov. 7, 1903 K. S. Reception to Chi Omega
 Thursday, Nov. 24, 1903 Thanksgiving—Adams Hall Reception
 Friday, Dec. 12, 1903 C. L. S. Semi-Annual Public Debate
 Friday, Dec. 19, 1903 A. L. S. Semi-Annual Public Debate
 Thursday, Dec. 24, 1903 to Monday, Jan. 4, 1904 . . . Christmas Vacation
 Monday, January 18, 1904 Spring Term began
 Monday, February 22 Washington Birthday Celebration
 Monday, February 29 Alpha Tau Omega Annual Banquet
 Saturday, March 5 Kappa Sigma Annual Banquet
 Wednesday, March 9 Sigma Alpha Epsilon Annual Banquet
 Friday, March 11 Inter-Society Oratorical Contest
 Friday, April 22 A. L. S. Semi-Annual Debate
 Friday, April 29 C. L. S. Semi-Annual Debate
 Tuesday, May 10 Chi Omega Annual Reception
 Tuesday, May 24, 8 P. M. Annual Contest for the Joseph H. Eaton Medal
 Wednesday, May 25, 8 P. M. Grand Concert
 Thursday, May 26, 8 P. M. Commencement for School of Oratory
 Friday, May 27, 8 P. M. Annual Celebration of Palladian Literary Society
 Saturday, May 28, 8 P. M. Commencement for Law Department
 Sunday, May 29, 10:30 A. M. Commencement Sermon
 Sunday, May 29, 8 P. M. Annual Sermon before the J. R. G. Society
 Monday, May 30, 9:30 A. M. Annual Celebration of the J. R. G. Society
 Monday, May 30, 8:30 P. M.—Annual Celebration of the Apollonian Literary
 Society.
 Tuesday, May 31, 10 A. M. Alumni Address and Reunion
 Tuesday, May 31, 8 P. M.—Annual Celebration of the Calliopean Literary Society
 Wednesday, June 1, 10 A. M. Meeting of the Board of Trustees
 Wednesday, June 1, 8 P. M. Literary Address
 Thursday, June 2, 10 A. M.—Commencement Day—Graduating Exercises; Con-
 test for the Strickland and Winburn Medals.

Index.

	PAGE
Alpha Tau Omega Fraternity Roll	52
Alpha Tau Omega Fraternity Picture	53
Acrostic	90
Adams Hall, View	76
Alumnus, Oldest	91
Apollonian Literary Society Roll	60
Apollonian Literary Society Picture	61
Athletics, Introduction to	77
Base Ball Line Up	80
Base Ball Team Picture	81
Basket Ball Team Picture	86
Board of Trustees	11
Building, View Main	15
Business Department Roll	36
Business Department Picture	37
Calliopean Literary Society Roll	58
Calliopean Literary Society Picture	59
Campus, View of	25
Champions, Tennis	83
Chi Omega Fraternity Roll	54
Chi Omega Fraternity Picture	55
Chronicle	94
Clubs, Introduction to	69
Club, Gibson County	71
" Glee	75
" Mandolin	74
" Girls' Tennis	85
" Deuce-it	82
" T. F. I. Roll	72
" T. F. I. Picture	73
" West Side Tennis	84
"Co-ed"	17
Dedication	4

	PAGE
Eatonian Staff Picture	44
Editorial Staff "LEST WE FORGET"	8
" " " " " Picture	9
Faculty, Names and Professorships	12
Faculty Picture	13
Foot Ball Team Picture	79
Fraternities, Introduction to	47
Freshman Class Roll, etc.	31
" " Picture	32
" " History	33
" " Poem	33
Hale, Dr P. T.	35
How He Won His Drive	38
Introduction	3
Junior Class Roll, etc.	22
" " Picture	23
" " History	24
J. R. G. Society of Religious Inquiry Roll	66
" " " " " " Picture	67
Kappa Sigma Fraternity Roll, etc.	50
" " " Picture	51
Latest Books, The	46
Lines	89
Literary Societies, Introduction to	57
Lovelace Hall, View of	42
Oratory, School of	46
Pivot	93
Palladian Literary Society Roll	62
" " " Picture	63
Psalm of Life	56
Richter, Prof. Rudolph	45
Savage, Dr. G. M.	5
Sigma Alpha Epsilon Fraternity Roll	48
" " " " Picture	49
Senior Class Yell, Motto, etc.	18
" " Picture	19
Sophomore Class Roll, etc.	27
" " Picture	28
" " Prophecy	29

Song of the Freshman	88
Stars, The	87
Toast	7
To A Coquette	64
To-Day	89
To My Ideal	68
Translation	43
Young Women's Christian Association	65







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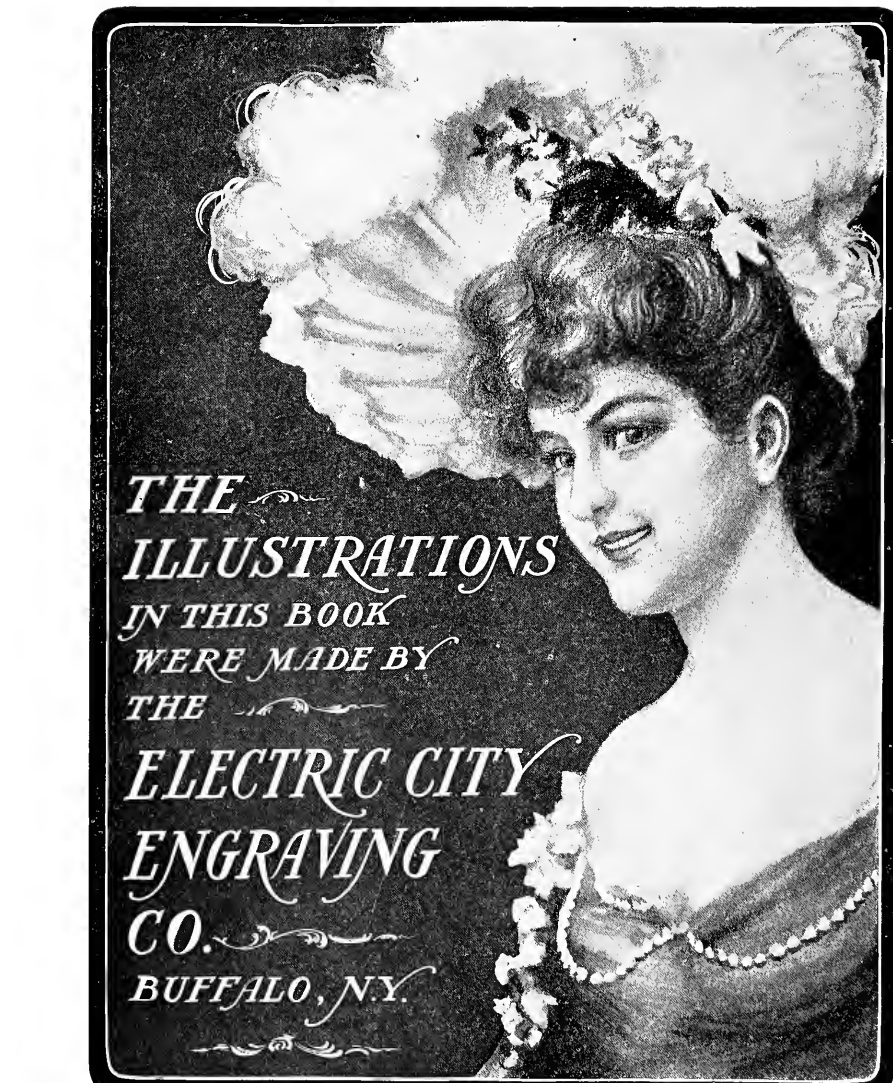
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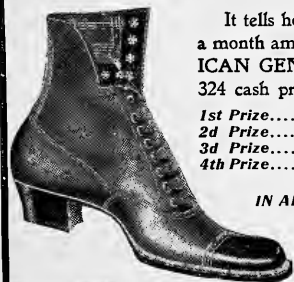


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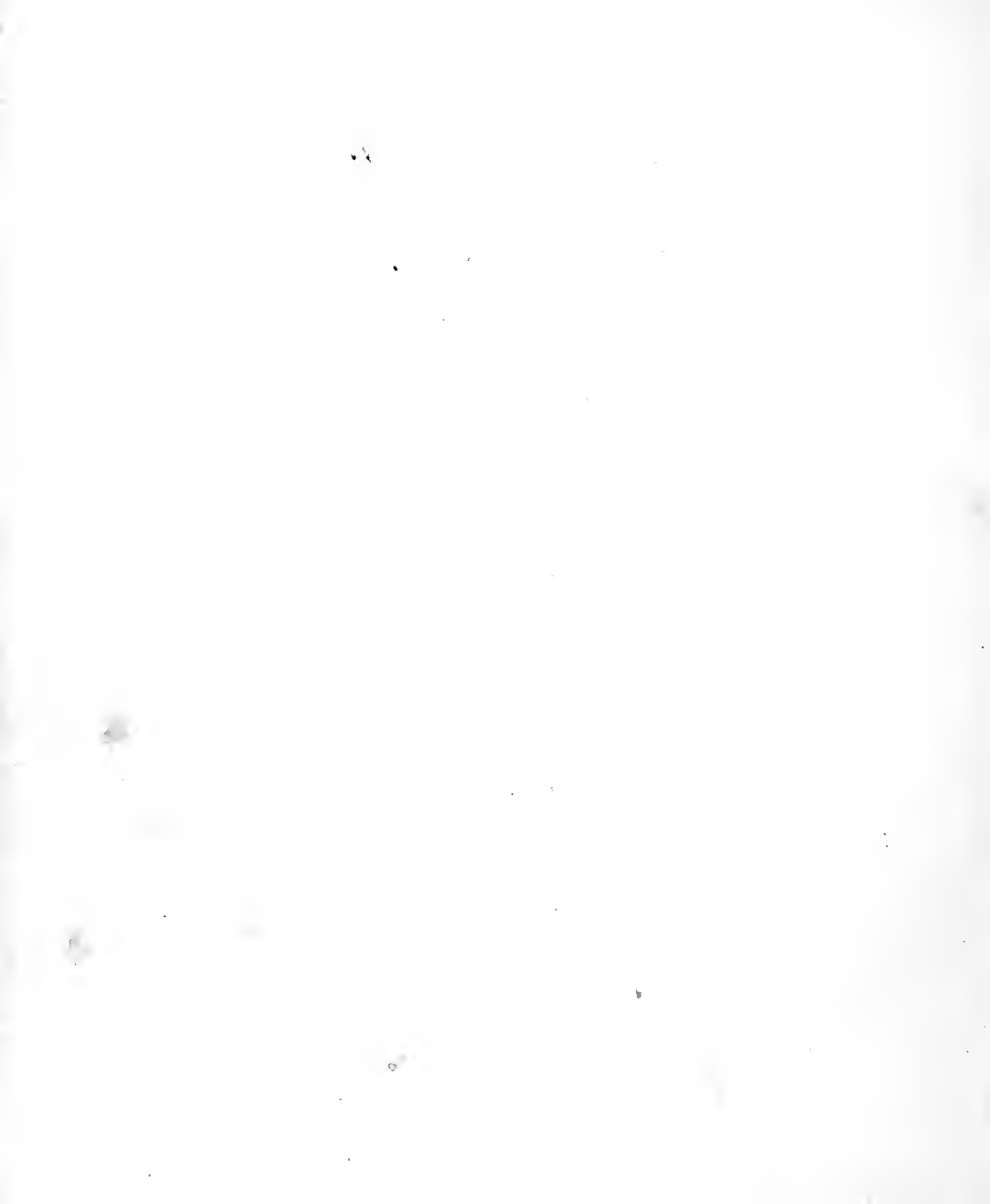
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A photograph of a piece of paper with the name "Mrs. R. T. Hale" written multiple times in cursive script, appearing as if it were a stamp or a repeated message. The text is arranged in a vertical, overlapping fashion, with each instance of the name slightly offset from the one above it. The handwriting is elegant and fluid, characteristic of late 19th or early 20th-century cursive. The paper itself is slightly aged and has some faint, illegible markings or shadows, possibly from the reverse side or the way it was scanned. The overall effect is one of a repeated or stamped name, though the ink appears to be from a pen rather than a mechanical stamp.

